Commercial Advertiser.

THE PACIFIC

ESTABLISHED JULY 2, 1856.

VOL. XXXIII., NO. 5754. HONOLULU, HAWAII TERRITORY, TUESDAY JANUARY 15, 1901 – TWELVE PAGES PRICE FIVE CENTS.

The Bishop's Anti-Pin Order.

The Bishop of Liverpool has issued a new code of rules for confirmation. He desires that girls should refrain from the use of long pins in the hair, as the presence of such pins frequently results in the bishop's fingers being lacerated during the "laying on of hands."

TOTAL ABSTINENCE PLEDGE SIGNED BY SCORES AT CENTRAL UNION CHURCH

Great Temperance Orator at His Best.

PATHOS AND HUMOR DIVIDE HIS TALK

Francis Murphy Finds Sympathetic Audience Last Night.

GOSPEL temperance reaped another big harvest last night. While the big pipe organ pealed forth the strains of "I Am Coming, Lord," to the accompaniment of a hundred voices, streams of people flowed down the aisles toward the little tables whereon were the pledges and pencils; there were among them trim soldiers in close fitting jackets of government blue, brass buttons a-glitter, and with heads carried proudly on straight military shoulders—rough, unkempt men with unshaven chins bowed low on bosoms of coarse shirts, carelessly dressed young fellows with hats in hand, looking as if they had just stepped in, carrying wet umbrellas under their arms, and with trousers turned up from mud-bespattered shoes—old men, young men, boys yet in their teens and all kinds of men, each one eager to sign a name to the pledge while yet the courage lasted.

There were many affecting little scenes; mothers weeping softly beside big stalwart sons, father and sisters gathered around some reclaimed prodigal, and sometimes a lonely one who came from a quiet corner with a lump in his throat, signed his name and crept back out of the crowd until sought out and congratulated by soft-hearted strangers.

Francis Murphy was everywhere, shaking hands and giving his blessing.

At the back in one of the aisles two boys hesitated. "I'll sign if you will," said one; "you know we don't haf' to stand for any of that religious business; come on, let's put our fists to the pledge."

The other hung back. "Not tonight, kid," said he; "we can tomorrow night; let's wait."

"No, you won't do anything of the kind," said a big, good-natured voice behind them; "you'll come right along now, fellows," and Francis Murphy took them both by the hand and marched them up to the front.

Mr. Murphy's sermon followed no particular line of thought or logic. It was characteristically abrupt, but with that particular magnetism of warmth and sincerity which is entirely his own he appealed to his audience and moved them to laughter or tears as he changed from wit to pathos. He took for his text the story of the prodigal son and his lecture was as follows:

"I am going to read to you about a beautiful picture, one that is hung in the gallery of pretty nearly every human life. It is the picture of the prodigal son. It is oh, such a pitiable tale of the sweetness of home and the bitterness of things when it all goes wrong with the home. God help us all to keep our homes filled with the spirit of love and confidence. A certain man in the Bible had two sons: Oh! I could talk of these two sons all night! how to love them and to guard them, the sons, fathers, think of them—the girls, somehow, are all right—and the younger of them said to his father, 'give unto me the portion of thy goods that belongs to me.' Ah! my friends, can't you just see that headstrong boy? He got mad—mad with his poor old dad, and he was going away. He wanted all that was coming to him—all the youngest boys of the family get everything they want—they get two pieces of pie, and everything else that the older ones don't get.

"'And not many days after the young man gathered together all that belonged to him and went into a far country, where he spent his money in riotous living.' Oh! can't you see what a headstrong, wilful boy that was? Can't you see him going about the house and gathering up his things; and his poor, timid, sweet-hearted mother following him about, and maybe she said, 'Say, Jack, dear, I wouldn't take that, or this.' Mothers do that—they always want their boys to stay, and the boys say they would stay with their mother, but it goes wrong with their father, and they get in a huff and away they go. They wouldn't stay at home when they are big and strong, and they don't have to depend on their father. Oh, no; they can take care of themselves, and they start out.

"Oh! what an awful thing it is for it to go wrong with the father. Fathers, can't you study your boy, and love him, and let him know that you love him. If you will do this he won't go away in a huff and suffer all the bitterness and humiliation that comes to a poor wretched runaway boy in a far country. God pity him! 'And when he had spent all there began to be a great famine in that country.' Oh! You see, it wasn't so easy. The boy didn't find people in that far city coming across the street to shake hands with him, and to slip dollars into his pockets; oh, no! It was hard for the boy, poor fellow, and maybe his stomach got empty, and that made it the harder. God love him. And he was not a bad boy, either.

"Boys are like horses, don't you know—everything depends upon the driver. Oh! fathers; be kind and gentle and loving and tender with your boys, and don't be angry and gruff and unsympathetic! That boy wouldn't beg; no, sir! He would starve first.

"Listen! 'He went and joined himself to a citizen of that country and was put to herd swine.' Oh! You see what hard luck he had! He had to get out and get a job, and such a job as that; he had to feed swine. Can't you see how it hurt him? At home he could be a dude; he could carry his cane and wear fine clothes, and he could have the best in the house, especially as he was the youngest son and got everything he wanted.

"Think of him feeding swine. He thought of his home, and how his father's servants had better things to eat than he did, and he was so hungry sometimes that he could eat the husks that he had to feed to his herd. Oh, the bitterness of fallen pride! Then he came to himself—think what that means—'when we come to ourselves'—it means when we let fall the shackles of pride; when we have been down in the dust of humiliation and have tasted the bitterness of it—it is then that our spirit is humbled and we come to ourselves. Well, he thought of the fine breakfast at home; how they would have a nice, juicy tenderloin steak, and saratoga chips, and nice hot cakes—and—Oh, my! His throat filled up with a lump, and he was very miserable, indeed. Then he said to himself: 'I will go home and I will go to father and say' (you see, he had fixed up a little speech to say to his father, the poor child!) 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and against thee, and I am no more worthy to be called thy son,'—and that is what he did say—but it says that his father saw him a long way off, and that he came down to meet him and fell on his neck and wept. Oh! dont you see how the poor father felt? He fell on his neck and welcomed him, and bade the servants bring out the best robe for him, and he fed him and clothed him—and put shoes on his poor, big feet that had got all torn with stubbing against stones, and his father ordered them to bring forth the fatted calf for a feast, and then, oh! what rejoicing there was! How glad the poor little mother was—they don't say much about her, but we all know how she felt, poor, sweet-hearted soul, and how she had grieved for her son. Oh! then, how they rejoiced and began to be merry again. Oh! Father in Heaven we thank Thee for the great kindness and tenderness and love that is put into the hearts of fathers.

"My friends, I am glad to see so many of you out tonight in spite of the rain and inclement weather. I don't see what the rain means. It didn't begin to rain until I came to town, and then it has poured ever since. I think it is a divine endorsement of our temperance work, don't you? God is sending us pure water; lots of it; water, water, pure water, that's what we need more of. Here, brethren, what are you going for? Here, Brother Kincaid, come back here sir! (This to a number of ministers who were moving back a few seats; when they explained themselves to his satisfaction they were excused by Mr. Murphy, and he continued.) I want to tell you something that happened today. We all saw a poor fellow come up here and sign the pledge last night; well, Brother Cory and I went to see him today, and—here you, Brother Cory, come up here and tell them about it while I sit down and get a breath. Glory be to God!"

Rev. Mr. Cory came to the platform and told how he had gone with Mr. Murphy to the home of the man who had signed the pledge and found him ill in bed, from the effects of not drinking. They had been received a little ungraciously, but before leaving they had had him praying, and when they left he had cried and asked them to pray for him. When Mr. Cory had finished Mr. Murphy arose.

"Now, wasn't that a nice speech?" said he. "Glory be to God! It was every word so, and let us all pray for strength for that poor man who has begun the brave struggle for the blue ribbon. God help and bless him! There are lots of men standing today just where he stood—tired and sick of drinking, wanting, oh, so much, to get away from it, and weary to death, but they just keep on because they have begun. Oh, Lord, give us the kindness and love, and great, splendid charity in our hearts that we may reach out a helping hand over the dark waters and rescue that struggling, sinking soul. Let us each one do that—help each other, and be kind and sympathetic and merciful. A little love will do so much; so much!

"Why, it was easy to help that poor fellow today. He didn't want to see us at first, because he felt ashamed, but when he saw how earnest we were, and the love and kindness and charity in our hearts, why the poor fellow broke down and cried, and I cried, too; God be praised! Yes, I did. And that big fellow; why he just took his medicine like a good little boy, and behaved finely. He'll be a great man some day, straight and sober, and clothed in his right mind; yes, sir!

"When I was a little codger over in Ireland my mother used to give me medicine on general principles, periodically—maybe once a year, or something like that. Don't I remember how the dear soul used to do that? Why, she'd get it in a spoon, and hold up the bottle and say, 'Frankie, are you ready to take your medicine?' and I would say, 'No, no; I'm not ready, mother, not yet,' then she'd come a little closer, and maybe wait a little bit, and then she'd say again, 'Frankie, are you ready to take your medicine now?' and I'd back away and say, 'No, no; I'm not ready yet, not yet.'

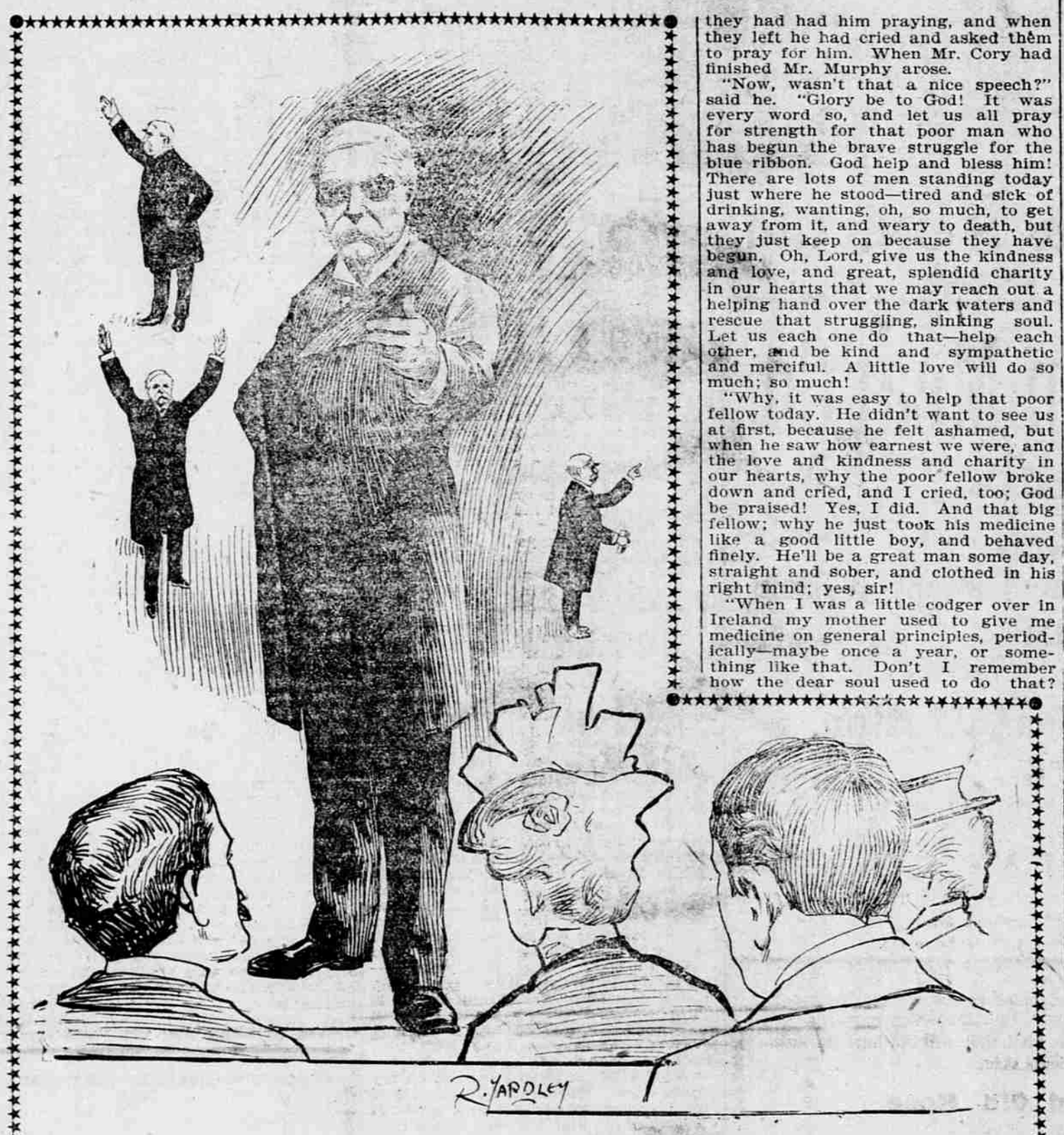
"Then she would come up close, the dear mother, and she would set down her little foot hard and she would say, 'Well, sir, you get ready, right now,' then the next thing I'd know she would have her hand at the back of my neck and my nose in the air, and down would go the medicine. Oh, so bitter and nasty! That's the way they used to give medicine. They have a new way now. I saw a mother the other day do it. She was a cunning little mother—she got a spoonful of nice syrup and she made a little hole in it, and then she shook some powder out of a blue paper and put it in the hole in the syrup, and covered it up. She called the little boy and he opened up his eyes big and said, 'Oh, is that for me, mother?' and she said, 'Yes, dear, all for you; open your mouth.'

"Then the little fellow opened his mouth like he was going to swallow the earth, so— and down went the whole thing, medicine and all. When she asked him if it was bitter, he said, 'Oh, no; it was nice.' Why can't we give all our medicine like that? We must not go at people with a rush and determination. We must approach them nicely, and spare then any bitterness that we can.

"Particularly our children—poor little tender-hearted things—let us make as many happy moments for them as we can, and spare them the bitterness whenever we can. They will find, oh, so much of it when they get grown up. Jesus was a great physician. He was tender and loving and gentle always. We ought to try and be like him. Why, don't you know that lots of fathers can't tie up their little boy's cut finger. They'll grab it up and twist a rag around it and make a great awkward bundle out of the poor little cut finger, and hurt it with being so rough, and the poor little fellow will cry, and then the father says, 'Oh, pshaw!' and is mad and tells the boy to hush up. The poor child knows what to do then—he hunts up his little mother, and she takes all the great awkward bundle off the poor little finger and wrays it all up tenderly, and doesn't hurt him a bit.

"Oh, what a difference! I tell you, my friends, we are working among bruised and wounded men, and just as it takes a tender, tactful heart to tie up a cut finger, it takes a tender heart full of love and sympathy and kindness to heal up the wounds and cure the bruises.

"Now this prodigal boy I spoke of was a wilful, headstrong, wayward fellow, and his father could not do anything with him. I'll tell you why. It was because he didn't understand him. It is the greatest thing in the world to understand boys. I once knew an Irishman who had fifteen or sixteen children—as Irishmen always do—you Yankees have one poor little baby, maybe two, but the Irishman has a colony. God be praised! and he loves them every one. This Irishman had so many children that he didn't know



Some of Francis Murphy's Gestures.

ELEU TAKES TOW FROM FEARLESS

Territory's Tug Gets News of Approach of A. M. Baxter First.

An exciting race between the two tugs, the Fearless and the Eleu, took place yesterday afternoon when the American schooner A. M. Baxter was reported, coming from Seattle.

It seems that the approach of the Baxter was reported to the Eleu long before the Fearless was notified.

Immediately upon hearing that the Baxter was coming the Eleu hurried out of the harbor and was well on her way to the schooner before the Fearless even knew that a vessel had been notified. As the Eleu got to the bell buoy, way outside of the harbor, the Fearless got wind of what was up and hastened after the Eleu, attempting to overtake her before the schooner was reached.

The Baxter was off Diamond Head about this time and the race waxed very warm. Notwithstanding the fact that the Eleu had such a great start of the Fearless, the modern tug speedily gained on the old one. But, although the Fearless gained rapidly, the start of the Eleu was too much for the Fearless and the Eleu got alongside of the schooner first and took a line from her and prepared to tow her into the harbor. When the Eleu took the schooner's line the Fearless was almost near enough to the vessel to have taken the line herself. The Territorial tug, however, got the better of the towboat of the private concern and took the Baxter triumphantly into the harbor while the Fearless steamed back to port, her captain meditating upon the possible reason of the Eleu having received word of the coming of the schooner before the Fearless had been notified.

It is alleged that the new lookout at Diamond Head has received instructions to notify the Territorial tug of the approach of vessels before the Fearless is notified. If this is really the case, the Territory is competing very actively against the Spreckels tug. There is much talk on the waterfront concerning this matter and the general opinion is that the Eleu tug has no business cutting in on the business of the Fearless, which is the property of a private concern.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

(Continued on Page 2.)

COLORED LABOR.

Conditions Very Favorable to Negro.

TWO ARGUMENTS IN THEIR FAVOR

Better Wages and Shorter Hours and Steady Work the Year Round.

Judge Robertson, editor of the Maui News, believes in negro labor for Hawaii. What Judge Robertson says on this subject has great weight, for he was born and grew up in the South and knows the negro with that intimate knowledge only gained by a childhood and young manhood among them.

"I believe the negro will be a success here," said the Judge last night. "He is the Japanese's superior at every point except the latter's ability to shirk. The negro is ambitious, American, and desirous of education from the white man's standpoint. In the South he is often a man of superior mind and morals. We must get a good class here and must avoid the cities.

"The dude, the crap-shooting and 'bad' negro must be avoided. That sort comes from the cities and is not found in the country. I think the negroes sought should be fully enlightened on the prospects here and should not be deceived in any way. We want them to come to stay and to be satisfied with their surroundings.

"Some of them may have an idea that they will be able to buy little homes here and to do farming in a small way. Of course we know there is no land here for them and that they must expect to make their living and their future as laborers on the plantations, in the fields and the mills. They must come to supplant the Jap and it is to take the place of the loafers of that race that the negro is needed.

"That the negro is fit for work here and that the climate will not weaken him is certain. It is never as hot here as in the cornfields of Tennessee or Georgia, the cotton fields of Mississippi or the canebrake of Louisiana. They will adapt themselves to the work in a very short time. If the right kind of negroes are chosen they will do twice as much labor as Japs.

"But their life must be made agreeable. They must have bosses that suit them and that know them. The Southern negro looks on his boss or luna as his friend. He looks to him for encouragement, for advice and help at every turn. Perhaps if a good negro manager for every 500 or 1,000 negroes could be brought here, it would be the very best thing possible. There are many reliable, honest, educated and intelligent negroes in the South who are accustomed to bossing big gangs of men and who are able to get more out of them than could a luna of any other race.

"Take the manager of the Belle Meade farm in Tennessee. He is a negro, old and worn now, but still in supreme control of everything on that finest of stock farms. He is in the saddle all day and he keeps the records of all the thoroughbreds whose excellence have spread the fame of the Belle Meade stud far and wide. There are plenty of men like him. Men who have accumulated property but who could be induced to come here to live. Men like these could bring with them the class of negroes that Hawaii wants. They have a remarkable influence over their race and are thoroughly familiar with the negroes in the country about them. If such bosses cannot be gotten then white men should who know the negro.

"When the negro is brought here he must be treated properly. He will not stand what a Japanese will. I mean in the matter of food, habitation and environments. He must have the same humanizing and civilizing influences that he is used to at home and without which he will not be happy. His children must have the best of schools and the church must be close by.

"The Southern negro is ambitious. He considers himself the equal of anyone, and kindness is the key to his heart and to his hands. If he is contented and well he will work to the very limit of his capacity. The plantations will have to feed the negro. He must have bacon and bread and plenty of it. Fish and pol or rice will not sustain him. He is a hearty eater and with a full stomach he is very amenable. As to wages, I cannot say. Certainly bacon and bread for a negro and family would today cost more per month than the Japanese laborer earns. The negro must also have vegetables. I believe it would be better if the negroes did not have to work with the Japanese, as I fear the loafing habits of the Orientals might impress the sturdy Americans. They would get acquainted with the habit of shirking.

"The Japanese has no stamina. He lays up when he has the slightest ailment. Not so the negro. He has to be pretty sick before he quits work. The Japanese has no recuperative power. The negro has tremendous vitality. As long as he is well paid, well fed and has comfortable quarters, he is not going to lessen his income by taking vacations. The plantation should not try to fill all the places at once. I think they should get a small number of negroes and test them thoroughly before attempting to do away entirely with Japanese. Say 300 or so laborers to each plantation. Gradually the managers would learn their help's abilities and find out the best localities in the South to pick from. The future would dictate the limit to the importation. The Japanese would gradually be returned, would have to vie with the new laborer

(Continued on Page 3.)